

Bian. I am the most undone unhappie woman.
Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
and done, and double done, or all shall split for't:
no more of these mixed passions, they are mangley,
and ease thee of nothing but a little wind,
an apple will doe more, thou fearest moroso.

Liii. Ene as I feare the gallows.

Bian. Keepe thee there still,
and you loue Rowland say

Liii. If I say not
I am sure I lye.

Bian. What wouldst thou giue that woman,
in spite of all his anger and thy feare,
and all thy fathers policie, that could
clap ye within these two nights quietly
into a bed together.

Liii. How?

Bian. Why fairely
at halfe sword man and wife, now the red blood comes,
I marry, now the matters chang'd.

Livia Bianca
me thinks you should not mocke me.

Bian. Mocke a pudding,
I speake good honest English, and good meaning.

Liii. I should not be vngratefull to that woman.

Bian. I know thou wouldst not, follow but my counsell:
and if thou hast him not despight of fortune,
lett me nere know a good night more; you must
be veryicke atth instant.

Liii. Well what follows?

Bian. E in that richnesse and for all your freinds,

your

your father, and your feur old Moroso,
and Rowland shall be there to.

Liii. What of this?

Bian. Doe ye not twittie yet, of this shall follow
that that shall make thy heart leape, & thy lips
ventur as manie kisses as the marchants
doe dollars to the East Indies; you shall know all,
but first walke in and practise, pray ye be sick
I doe beleue ye, and I am sicke.

Livia Bianca
So,

to bed then come, We send away your seruants
post for your foole and father, and good fortune
as we meane honestly, now strike an vpsot.

Exeunt.

Enter Tranio and Rowland

Tran. Nay a my conscience I haue lost my monie,
but that's all one. He neuer more persuade ye,
I see you are resolute, and I commend ye.

Row. But did she send for me,

Tran. Yes dare beleue me.

Row. I cannot tell you haue wayes for profit
allow'd ye Tranio, as well as I
haue to auoid them.

Tran. No I protest Sir
I deale directly with ye.

Row. How now fellow,
whether post you so fast?

Serv. O Sir, my master,
pray did you see my Master.

Row. Why your Master?

Serv. My praye m^r Livia,

Row. What of her?

Enter Seruants

Serv. O Sir